

THANKSGIVING DAY.

[WRITTEN BY MINNIE HART, MC DANIELS, KY.]

DID you ever see a morning
When the sun was shining clear,
And the white frost shone and sparkled
In the crisp November air;
Like we children at our play—
For they know as well as we do
When comes Thanksgiving Day?

What's Thanksgiving for? Don't you know?
Many, many years ago,
Way up north, in Massachusetts,
In New England's cold and snow,
One severe and bitter winter
Famine through the land was spread,
And our hardy Pilgrim fathers
Often lacked for daily bread.

But at last that winter ended,
Followed by a balmy spring.
Leafless trees began to blossom,
Happy birds began to sing,
Bounteous Summer poured her treasures
From out her lavish hand of gold;
Cornfields waved in yellow moonlight
With a promise of wealth untold.

Then it was that Governor Bradford
Said in reverent, solemn way,
"For the blessings God has given
Let us have Thanksgiving Day."
All that day the looms were silent—
Romping children ceased to play.
And, since then, each year's return
Has brought a glad Thanksgiving Day.

THE FIVE

WHITE INDIANS.

[Pulse Content Story Written for the Beacon-Record, News, by Lillie Francis Cooper, of Rockvale, Ky.]

THERE were just five of them, all under eighteen, healthy, frolicsome boys. They had been reading Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales in the library of the high school where they attended, and were always talking of the happy, free life of Natty Bumppo, and wishing they might live a while with the Indians.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said John Whit, whose father was a merchant in the town. "We can get a two-week holiday and go to the deep woods and live like the Indians, be real Indians ourselves."

"O, I wish we could," cried all the others in one voice. "Let's see our parents and go," said Bob Lee. Whereupon each boy decided to go before their dignitaries, indulgent fathers, and plead for two weeks off, with only a blanket as a protection against taking cold. When a boy sets his head he usually has his way. So these boys got what they desired, not because they were boys, but mostly because they had been good, studious boys and their fathers cared to grant them this much liberty.

"Let's suppose we are living beyond civilization," said they, "and not know the use of firearms with which to procure our game."

So the two weeks before Thanksgiving they found their way eastward toward the Blue Ridge Mountains, with not a mouthful of provisions, going away from home just as if they intended to return for dinner.

After they had traveled two days they felt that they were out of sight and hearing of civilization; so, tired from walking, they figuratively speaking, "pitched their tent" and slept as peacefully as ever they did at home in their own snug beds.

The next morning they were awakened by the cheerful singing of thrushes around them, greetings they were not accustomed to at that early hour.

"We must have some breakfast," said Will Robb, the one boy among them who was always hungry, and looking around he noticed a tree near with a hole entering near the ground, and approaching nearer he saw some hair on the tree. "A rabbit hole," said he. It took but a few minutes for them to procure a long hickory stick and twist the rabbit out of the tree while two of the other boys, with flint and tinder had kindled a fire ready for cooking. To be sure this breakfast was all meat, but heartily relished by the boys.

As soon as breakfast was over they set to work to trap for some other game, forgetting that Hawkeye declined to trap for game so long as he has his youthfulness, a steady hand and a sure eye.

Some bark was made into a string, some sticks procured and a snare was set for the rabbit, and a coop for the partridge and pheasant they had seen come near. All this was done as preparation for the next breakfast, for they meant to explore the neighborhood of the camp during the day. So pitching their blankets into the forks of a dogwood, they started off looking for fruits, nuts, etc. They had not gone far until they found luscious grapes, persimmons as big as large as the Japan persimmon, hickory nuts both large and small, pecans, white walnuts quite as nice as the English walnut, and chestnuts and chickpeas in great abundance. These they only tasted to make sure of their genuineness, having decided to leave

them for other days, because so near the camping ground.

Such immense ferns and grasses, green-briers of the most luxuriant growth—nearly as large as grape-vines—and such quiet nooks nestled in with stately trees; such romantic recesses in cliffs, towering high as the trees, and higher too! Such queer looking basins or morasses where tradition says the Indian crushed his corn; other places where small, deep holes are made as if bored with an auger through the hard rocks; and then, occasionally, a mound is found which they decide is an Indian grave. Here they stop to wonder how the Indian looked who may be buried here, if he was a warrior bold like Chingachgook, or a beautiful maiden like Wah-tah-wah, and if they should dig into this grave what kind of utensils would they find buried with their owner? But soon they are acquainted with all the new things in the woods, they cease to wonder and admire, and prepare to live the sports they have long read about. Each goes to work to carve him a bow and arrow, or cross-bow. Bundles of fifty arrows each are made to be strapped on the back of each boy, the hardest woods are used in their manufacture.

Three trees of paw paws are found and the fruit completely devoured by these boys with rapacious appetites. They declared them better than any banana. A queer looking little animal is overtaken. They run him up a hill and soon notice that it is not his nature to be able to run fast, or else he is too fat to run, for as they stop to rest so does he; then the chase is renewed with more energy and soon he is captured; he shows his teeth in anger, whereupon he is killed at once. Then Tom Cobb announces that he has seen one like him before, that his grandfather thought he had a great treat when black Ned came in one night and said he had caught "ole Massa" a ground hog. So it is decided to dress the ground hog nicely, wash it until clean in running water, and proceed to camp to eat for supper—night now approaching. When the camp is reached they appoint Jack Small cook for the evening. A large fire is built by the other boys against the base of a large spreading white oak, whose leaves still cling tenaciously to the parent stems, and the light gleams up through the branches and out among the other trees. In this halo of light they are to find kitchen, dining room, bed room and sitting room! Four boys busy themselves getting up enough wood to burn all night and setting traps in wigwam fashion. The floor of which is deeply covered with leaves, Jack has taken some large grape leaves and tied them securely around the ground hog with hickory bark, then the leaves are well baked over with wet clay and consigned to a hot bed of embers. Soon a delicious odor arises from this little heap and Jack knows that the fire will finish cooking this dainty morsel without further attention from him, so he empties his pockets of the chestnuts deposited there through the day, and proceeds to roast them to serve as a dry sauce, or rather as a substitute for bread, with the roasted meat.

To roast them requires all his attention, for they pop and fly in every direction. When roasted the hulls and ashes are removed and they are placed on five large greenbrier leaves to be served to the five boys. Pests are driven into the ground on the top of which are placed pieces to serve as the table. A bed of willow boughs is placed at one end to receive the roasted meat, two large leaves pinned together serve as a plate for each boy, a pointed stick is placed at each place with which to hold the hot meat. The boys seeing these preparations rush to get seated upon the ground around this low table, while Jack scratches

never had such appetites as these who have tramped all day, eager to gain applause from their companions, eager to please real experts in the Indian profession. But the days wear on and it is Wednesday before Thanksgiving, when tired from a day's hunt, they sit around the camp fire late in the evening, discussing the probable preparations in their own homes for the morrow. "I must celebrate the day too, with feasting," said Will Robb.

So it is decided that they shall bring in every luxury possible for to-morrow's feast, even if they have to trap for it. So Bob Lee asks some one to go out on a hill with him where he that morning saw a hawk scratching and the tree in which they had roosted, that he might make a coop to allure them into, with hickory nut kernels for bait. Other boys set snares, others build up the partridge coop anew, then all unite in a possum hunt which results in the capture of a very fine fat one of that species in a persimmon tree near by. It is dressed and hung up in a tree to keep till morning. When they have had a slight breakfast, with bows and arrows in hand, they start out to visit the snares and coops. Before reaching the coops John Whit decided to visit a little lake where he saw some wild geese the day before, but instead of geese he espies a large duck floating on the water, and with steady aim, improved by a rock's practice he brings this duck to a lifeless condition by striking the arrow just behind an ear, it flutters and drifts near the shore just as John jumps from his place of concealment to grab it. "A duck for a Thanksgiving dinner," he chuckles, as with one foot dripping wet, he trudges up the hill, going directly to the camp.

among the embers for the cooked meat, removes the baked clay and leaves and bark and places upon the table the meat thoroughly cooked and whiter than roast meat usually is seen. He reserves the right of carving and dividing this dainty dish, giving each boy his share. Thus pronounce it the finest meal ever eaten, and declare, while eating, that they were never so hungry in their lives, forgetting all about the paw-paw patch.

Each wrapped in his blanket, find a place upon which to lie on the leaves in the "wigwam," through the "door" of which they can see the fire blazing up cheerfully, and arise to replenish the logs if they awake to find only a bed of coals there.

Awaking, they have scarcely time to tell each other how they dreamed of being among the Indians until some one hurries out to find that the precaution they had taken to secure game for breakfast had not been in vain, for in the trap or coop are found six partridges and one pheasant, in the snare a rabbit. As the rabbit is choked to death they decide to eat it and the pheasant for breakfast and leave the partridges alive in the coop for a time of scarcity. Was there ever a time of famine among the Indians? At any rate such a time soon comes to these white Indians, for this next day is to be one of hunting with bows and arrows, and somehow they never see a bird until it flies, then the arrows either do not go high enough to reach it, or glance by it. The string breaks just as a rabbit runs away from them, sometimes the arrow drops before it reaches him, thus showing lack of muscle or unsteady nerve! They soon find the thing needed is marksmanship, so they practice shooting until every arrow is gone, never knowing whether they hit a distant target or not. Then hours are spent in hunting arrows and making new ones and they again reach the camp they find it is very dark and raining. Too tired and late to set snares; they take two blankets and stretch them tight over the "wigwam" to help drain the water off, using three blankets to wrap five boys in and lie down to uneasy dreams. The rain was of short duration, they find when morning comes. Deciding, after dispatching the six partridges, that they must live by their bows and arrows for a few days, they start out, each in different directions, to see if they would not have better success, and to practice trail-riding. At night they return to rehearse their experiences, carrying with them barely enough game to sustain them in their hunger, for surely boys

Here he finds a turkey has been caught in the coop made the night before, a fine young one; and two rabbits have been snared; a pheasant and two partridges also cooped; a squirrel that Jack Small had struck with a rock as it was lying sprawled out on the back of a tree trying to see what animal was coming by his pronouncement it the finest meal ever eaten, and declare, while eating, that they were never so hungry in their lives, forgetting all about the paw-paw patch.

Today a cloth is made for the table by pinning together pretty leaves, dishes are made of cleanly washed pieces of scaly bark from the hickory trees. When the dinner is ready to be served we see red haws piled high around the turkey. "These are the cranberries," said Tom Cobb. The persimmons were piled around the possum, whole hickory nuts around the squirrel, sweet smelling pieces of red muskrat root around the rabbits, the paw-paws made a nest upon which to place the duck, a great pyramid of grapes was in the center around which sat the pheasant and the partridges. What a feast for only five boys to eat! But a long time was spent in preparing it, nearly as long a time in eating it, and that that remained was guarded for later luncheon.

After spending two more days in the woods they prepare to start home. Before breaking camp they discuss the events and pleasures of these few short days while the fire seems to burn more brightly than any previous nights, they recall the trapping, hunting, fighting, daring of "deer-slayer" and decide that Jack Small has earned the name of "Squirrel-slayer" (in the absence of any deer) and that Bob Lee may be called "The Trapper," and John Whit "Leather Stocking," Tom Cobb "Hawkeye," and that Will Robb shall justly be called "Pathfinder."

Returning to their homes they enjoy the comforts of civilization more than ever before, they can study now with much more zeal, but often they may be seen telling other boys of the great fun they had playing "White Indians."

old people are sitting close to a few coals of fire in their little grates, a woman and a man with sad, old faces and snow-white hair.

"Father, do you remember that to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and the twenty-sixth of November?" "Why, mother, how could I forget our boy's birthday! Yes, and only a few more days and Guy will have been gone ten years that will make him thirty—years old tomorrow, if he is still living!" The mother's tears are falling fast, as she replies, "Yes, yes, ten long, weary years of waiting; but something tells me, even now, that I shall live to behold my boy again, my handsome Guy; he will come back to his old parents, I know he will," and her voice dies away in the sob she is powerless to withhold. Then a faintly they sit thinking of the gay and hopeful youth, who left them so long ago, in the days of their prosperity.

He was their pride and they spared neither trouble nor money to fit him for any sphere in life which he might be called upon to occupy. But he had no taste for business and wished to travel, so they let him go, thinking that a few months would see him and that he would return to help him to business, but he had not yet returned.

Ten years ago James Willis was a rich man and lived with his happy family in a lovely home of their own. At that time their little daughter, Nellie was a beautiful child, eight years old while her brother Guy was twenty-one. Guy thought Louisville too small for him and longed with all of a boy's impatience to see the world, and at the age of twenty-one he bade home and friends a joyous good-bye and started on a trip to South Africa intending to visit the diamond fields of that country.

At parting he had said: "Mother, when I am a rich man I will return to you on Thanksgiving and you may give me a grand birthday dinner." With a gay laugh he sprang into the carriage which bore him to the train.

Since then misfortunes had fallen thick and fast in the business life of Mr. Willis; one crash after another until they were forced to give up the beautiful home and the color looking little cottage standing so bleakly on the bank of the Ohio. Then sickness completed the week, and they were reduced to want, depending solely on their young daughter's small earnings from a few poor pay music pupils for support.

During all these years no tidings of their wandering boy ever reached them, and the mother's yearning heart grew

needed it so badly and could not wait. The tears came to her eyes but she forced them back and tried to appear cheerful as she handed her father a letter. With nervous fingers he broke the seal and read the heartless contents which were as follows:

James Willis.—Your rent is over due, and you will pay me the amount in full tomorrow morning or I will turn you into the street like a pig. You know I bear you and yours no love, so be prompt.

How true; and yet how powerless were they to raise the amount. Nellie's uncollected wages would reduce it, but would not pay all. In the meantime how were they to live? He knew the character of the man and knew that his threat would be executed. The old man leaned his weary head on the little table and the tears dripped down his wasted cheeks as he passed the cruel note to his daughter and said: "Read that, Nellie, we are turned out to beg!" Nellie's pale face turned a shade paler as she read the written words, but she steadied her voice and replied:

"No, no, father, we can not be turned out yet and I will see Louis Witt tomorrow morning and give him an order on Mrs. Worth, and—am young and strong I can take care of you and mother, I have the promise of more pupils soon and we can do nicely then."

She spoke thus to reassure her parents, but her own heart was heavy within her for she had little hope. So she went to the man's coarse nature and that he hated them with a brute's ferocity, she being the cause of this hatred. He had carelessly sought her hand in marriage and she, with all the delicacy of a refined nature, repudiated his offer. But he continued impudently to press his suit and followed her to her home, where his manner was so insulting and disgusting that her father ordered him from his door.

This so incensed him that he determined to win the girl or be revenged; so he purchased the cottage in which they lived at double its value in order to secure an advantage over them, and as their rent was over due, he lost no time in carrying out his intentions, for he well knew their circumstances and felt sure of victory.

Nellie spoke reassuringly to her parents but said nothing of the insulting note which she had received that evening knowing that it would only augment the troubles of her parents.

Hastily preparing their scanty meal, she tried to divert their thoughts from the impending evil, by telling the laughable blunders which her pupils had made during the day.

Darkness, assisted by the dense fog and rain, was fast spreading a soft veil over all the land. As night closed rapidly in, the wind blew in sudden gusts splashing the rain against the little window where it trickled down to form little icicles.

"Ugh! What a night to be abroad! Suddenly there was a loud knock, and opening the door disclosed a tall broad shouldered stranger standing on the steps, who in a low, well modulated voice, asked for shelter from the storm.

Entering the stranger glanced quickly around the poorly furnished, though spotless clean room and walking to the hearth he leaned heavily against the little mantel with bowed head, not heeding the chair which Nellie offered him, but turning suddenly around with streaming eyes, he exclaimed:

"Mother! Father! don't you know me—Guy!" "My boy, my boy, at last! I have come back," and the feeble arms of the mother were clasped about the stranger's neck. For it was Guy Willis returned from his many wanderings.

Oh joy and beautiful light out of darkness and sadness was given to this little

family on this blustering Thanksgiving eve. The howling wind and rain, and the splashing waves had changed their mournful dirges to one of sweetest music. Poverty had no terrors now for they were reunited, the wanderer had returned and they were all together once again.

Guy had been shipwrecked, he said, and, after many days of suffering, he was cast upon the African coast, near a little settlement of half-civilized people, who, in their kind though rude way, nursed him through a long and severe illness. On recovering, he went with these people where he remained for several years in poor health on account of the hot and unhealthy climate and rough mode of life, but, after a time, his health improved, and he set out for some diamond fields, of which he had heard during his abode with these people. Roaming from one mining camp to another, and wishing all the while that he had been content and remained quietly at home.

At last, falling in with an old and disheartened miner, he had bargained the fellow his watch for a claim which was situated in what was supposed to be a rich district. He went to work with the hope of soon returning home, but for several years he barely made a living, and was often so discouraged that he was on the point of giving it up and trying to work his way back home, but at this time a little increase gave him hope, and he worked steadily on, with a gradual increase till his find was a very rich one, and he then sold out to a company of rich traders for an immense sum of money. Thus, tho' with innumerable hardships and great hazard of life, he had gained a large fortune, where others had spent a life-time and failed.

All these years no word from home had ever reached him so with an anxious heart he sailed for New York.

While in that city he met by chance an old friend of his father, from whom he learned of their changed circumstances and of that his old home was again for sale.

Hurrying to Louisville, he purchased it and had it fitted up, with all possible speed, in order that his parents might enjoy the blessings of a real Thanksgiving. After all was completed, he determined to bring them home that night. Hastening to the little cottage he found them in great distress. When he could make them understand that it was indeed true that he had returned to them a rich man and that he would never leave them again, they were only too glad to repair to the waiting carriage, and were driven rapidly through the city not heeding the wind and storm and blackness of the night, they were too supremely happy to feel any disagreeableness, or to be discommoded by the elemental bluster.

On entering their old home in the blaze of light and warmth, the mother with tears of gladness streaming from her eyes clasped her hands for joy, and falling on her knees gave thanks to the Great Being, who is the giver of all blessings. And what a great and heartfelt Thanksgiving to-morrow would bring forth to this reunited family!

Guy paid Louis Witt his dues, then spoke a few words which caused the puppy to leave the city without loss of time. Nellie's great joy at her unexpected release from the hateful duties at Mrs. Worth's, knew no bounds. Thus did the currents of time wash away the accumulated troubles of years and leave in their place great joy and a "Wonderful Thanksgiving."

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

[WRITTEN BY SALLIE HOBBS, GLENDALE, KY.]

THANKSGIVING Day is coming,
And, Oh! how glad I am
To think the time will soon be here
When we'll have turkey ham.

And as we think about it
Our mouths with water fill
At thoughts of such a turkey
As we are going to kill.

No finer fowl is in the land,
No other struts so proud,
No gobble half so tuneful-like,
Nor clear, nor long, nor loud.

He never dreams that hungry mouths
Will swallow turkey meat,
Like Cuban waters swallowed up
A mighty Spanish fleet.

I publish this that he may learn
That death is near at hand,
And try to live so he will reach
A better turkey land.

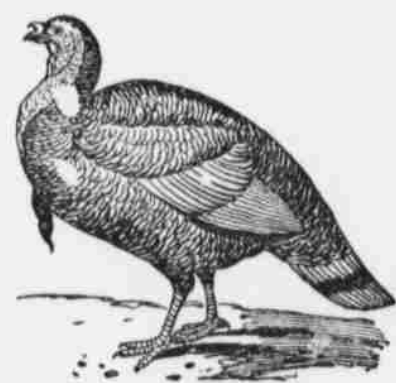
A land where turkeys daily strut
Through fields of golden grain—
Grasshoppers, bugs, and other food
As thick as pattering rain.

The twenty-fourth we'll feast and live,
And try to happy be,
And hope that every turkey's soul
Is glad we'll set it free.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The Puritan Spirit of True Thankfulness.—Our Own Observance of the Day.

BY MARY K. FORD, MOOREVILLE.

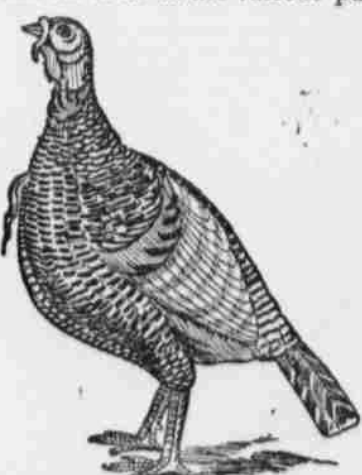


Yet, when we recall the many blessings which have been showered upon us as a nation since last Thanksgiving day, we have great cause to observe it with a Puritanic feeling of true gratitude.

The farmers' granaries are full to overflowing; business is good; our nation's progress was perhaps never so marked as during the past year. A war, in which the best interests of our country were vitally concerned, was fought, and we were successful in it. Of course this is national prosperity; but to come down to individual favors: You brave boys in blue, back from the field of war, have much cause to be thankful. Many of your fellow soldiers, brave at heart, young and hopeful, fell in battle or succumbed to some dread disease, while you, lucky lad, have passed through the perils of war unhurt. And you, fallen sinner, have the most cause to return thanks. Your life is spared, and you have yet time to repent. Methinks God might have taken you in an evil hour, when even His mercy could not have saved you from an awful doom. And each and all of us in the various pursuits of life, who are enjoying the fullness of the earth, have cause, this glad Thanksgiving Day, to bow with grateful hearts at the shrine of God's goodness and benevolence.

But there is a thorn with every rose, and some of us, it seems, have little in life for which to be grateful. Death has claimed a loved one from our home; misfortune in one way or another has befallen us, or poverty stares us in the face. "Cease repining, sad heart," and thankfully rejoice over whatever good the past has brought you, hopefully trust the future to correct the evils of the present.

Then, just for a day, let us lay aside our practical lives and celebrate Thanksgiving with hearts that are light and bent on pleasure giving.



A WONDERFUL THANKSGIVING.

[Pulse Content Story Written for the Beacon-Record, News, by Miss Anna M. Stone, of Falls of Rough, Ky.]

IT was the eve before Thanksgiving, a dull November evening, with chilling winds and rain. A dense fog shrouded land and river and the mournful sound of the fog horns with the gentle lapping of the waves, were left more sadly still, by the sad hearts of the inmates of the little cottage near the water's edge, on the outskirts of the beautiful city of Louisville, sober now in its winter garb of mist and smoke.

People rush here and there, as usual, intent on business or pleasure, but Broadway is a sad reminder of a terrible accident where the five Legion boys were so quickly hurled into Eternity. Sad hearts were left behind to mourn their loss; but the busy world moves on with quick, majestic tread, leaving joy and sorrow alike, to cling around the hearts of those with whom they come in contact, not reckoning where they fall, but scattering both with a lavish and merciless hand along its line of march.

Thanksgiving days have come and gone, sorrow blessings and joy in the homes of many, though trouble and regret are also left in their vanished paths. Eighteen hundred and ninety-five has a beautiful harvest, so the feastings will be rich and great. But there are still the un supplied and aching hearts beating in hopeless homes the same as of yore.

more dependent as each year sped away. But her heart was steadfast and true, and she would not give up the hope of seeing him again so long as that uncertainty remained. The latest joy young since believed that Guy was lost at sea, for the ship on which he sailed had foundered near the African coast, and it was not known whether any of the passengers were saved, though it was supposed that all were lost. But Mrs. Willis could not believe that her darling was sleeping beneath the turbulent waters of the great deep. So she waited and waited, and hoped against hope, till now so many weary years were numbered with that sad past.

This evening she sat with the same hope which she had cherished so long. Her thoughts were busy as she listened to the mournful drip, drip, of the rain falling from the low eaves. It sounded ominous, and sent a shudder to the mother's heart, as she said, as she arose from her chair, "I wonder what is detaining Nellie this evening, the weather is so dreary and chilling. I am so sorry she is late, and she is not feeling well."

As she finished speaking the door opened and Nellie came in—kissing mother and father, she said as she removed her dripping cloak and hat: "I am late, but I waited for Mrs. Worth's return in order to get my wages, but she was in a hurry to dress for the opera and would not pay me, though I told her

THE HAPPIEST DAY.

[WRITTEN BY BERTHA LUE WATKINS.]

FAREWELL to summer flowers
That made our hearts so glad,
Farewell the fields and meadows
In red and golden clad.

It won't be long 'till
All the leaves will be
Beneath our feet and lay on piles
On top of piles in their long, long sleep.

But Thanksgiving will soon be here—
The happiest day in November—
But by and by there's another day,
The twenty-fifth of December.

THANKSGIVING WISHES.

[WRITTEN BY ANNA FATE, CLOVERPORT.]

THANKSGIVING Day is dawning,
Our carols now we sing,
And pray the coming season
May peace and gladness bring.
Thanksgiving.

To every one, and all of yours,
We wish a happy day,
And hope some of its pleasures
Through all the year may stay.
Thanksgiving.